

# Matilda

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# Matilda

Miss Trunchbull, the Headmistress, was something else altogether. She was a gigantic holy \_\_\_\_\_ Noun, a fierce tyrannical monster, who frightened the life out of \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural and teachers alike. There was an aura of menace about her even at a distance, and when she came up close you could almost feel the \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective heat radiating from her as from a redhot rod of \_\_\_\_\_ Noun. When she marched - Miss Trunchbull never walked, she always \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Past Tense like a storm trooper, with long strides and \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural swinging when she marched along a corridor you could actually hear her snorting as she went, and if a group of children happened to be in her \_\_\_\_\_ Noun, she ploughed right on through them like a tank, with \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective people bouncing off her to left and right. She was above all a most formidable \_\_\_\_\_ Noun. She had once been a \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective athlete, and even now the muscles were still clearly in evidence. You could see them in the \_\_\_\_\_ Noun, in the big shoulders, in the thick arms, in the sinewy wrists and in the \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective legs. Looking at her, you got the feeling that this was someone who could \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Past Tense iron bars and tear telephone directories in half. Her face, I'm afraid, was neither a thing of beauty nor a joy for ever. She had an obstinate chin, a cruel mouth and small \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective eyes. And as for her \_\_\_\_\_ Noun...they were, to say the least, extremely odd. She always had on a brown cotton smock which was pinched in around the waist with a wide leather belt. This belt was \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Past Tense in front with an enormous silver \_\_\_\_\_ Noun. The massive thighs which emerged from out of the smock were encased in a pair of \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective breeches, bottlegreen in colour and made of coarse twill.

These

breeches reached to just below the knees and from there on down she sported green stockings with turnup tops, which displayed her calfmuscles to perfection.

On her feet she wore flatheeled brown brogues with leather flaps. She looked, in short, more like a rather eccentric and bloodthirsty follower of the staghounds than the headmistress of a nice school for children.